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Pale Promise



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Chapter 1 by glassonthesea

There is a story passed down from ancient legend, of a pale child who slowly grew into a man. Now, it does not sound interesting in the least, but some legends do not start with tales of greatness. The pale child was known as yitiki lune, which in the ancient language meant "moon boy". His hair was so blonde it was white, his skin so pale it could have been comparable to milk, and his body so small it could have been compared to a child much younger than him. He always seemed like a happy child, smiling in the face of whatever faced him. That is, until he disappeared. It was only months later when the townspeople where he had gone found a small white stone which seemed to glow like the face of the moon. It is said that every one hundred years, a new boy will be born, pale as the moon and leave a glowing stone in his wake. He will be honored and given the highest quality of food, the freshest. The highest quality of everything. The Yitiki -a name decided for the moon children- are revered as holy, until one...was different. In his wake he left the ground stained with tears and blood. So each Yitiki was locked away, until one escaped...

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